Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddie footing of the hatches,
Me thought that Glocester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me (that thought to stay him) ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eies:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of golde, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As 't were in scorne of eyes reflecting gems,
Which woed the slimie bottom of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?

Clar. Me thought I had: for still the enuious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To seeke the emptie, vast, and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim Ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kindome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd, what scourge for periurie,
Can this darke monarchie affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht: then came wandring by,

A sha-

A shadow like an Angell in bri
Dabled in bloud, and he squeak
Clarence is come, false, fleeting,
That stabd me in the field by
Seaze on him furies, take him to
With that me thought a legion
Enuirond me about, and howle
Such hideous cries, that with th
I trembling, wakt: and for a feas
Could not beleeue but that I w
Such terrible impression made
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) tho
I promise you, I am afraid to he
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue
Which now beare euidence aga
For Edwards sake, and see how
I pray thee gentle keeper stay
My soule is heauie, and I faine
Bro. I will (my Lo.) God giu
Sorrow breakes seasons, and re
Makes the night morning, and
Princes haue but their titles fo
An outward honour for an inw
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of re
So that betwixt their titles, and
There's nothing differs but th

The murthe

In Gods name what are you, a
Exec. I would speake with C
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe?
2 *Exec.* O sir, it is better to b
Shew him ... commission, tak
Bro. I am in this commaund
The noble Duke of Clarence
I will not reason what is meant
Because I will be guiltlesse of
Here are the keies, there sits t